Prince HENRIE revived.

OR

A POEME VPON THE BIRTH, AND In Honor of the Hopefull yong PRINCE HENRIE FREDERICK,

First Sonne and Heire apparant to the moſt Excellent Princes, FREDERICK *Count Palatine of the Rhine*,

And the Mirrour of Ladies, Princeſſe ELIZABETH, his *Wife, only daughter to our Soueraigne* IAMES King of Great Brittaine, &c.



By HENRIE PEACHAM.

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1615.



Diua anima Augustos haud ementita parentes,
Frontis honore, decus Rhem, spes una BRITANVM
Cresce per immensum, dotes uirtutibus annos
CÆSAR, auas titulis, famâ superaris Olympum

Henricus Peacham

TO THE MIGHTIE, AND MOST MAGNIFICENT PRINCESSE ELIZABETH, PRINCESSE PALATINE OF THE RHENE, *Duchesse of Bauaria*, &c.

Most Excellent Ladie.

SIthence it hath pleased your Highnesse, heeretofore to take notice of me, and my labours, such as they were, nothing hath been oftner in my wishes then abilitie to pay the debt I owe to the respect of so peereleſſe a Prince, and Princely a Patroneſſe. But since the more I striue, the more I

am entangled by mine owne weakneſſe, I ſubmit to my Fortune, and muſt reſt Captiued in the bands of your gracious mercie. Yet ſo to be bound, is ſweet libertie, and beholding the face of ſuch a Iudge, I read my pardon vpon a brow of Iuorie. But as Fauour is woont to make offendors bolde, ſo truely I confeſſe your Fauours haue drawne mee into this, and your Bountie hauing watered ſome flowers, hath brought vp I feare moe weedes, which perhaps by their rankneſſe will rather giue offence, then with their ſmell or beautie breede you delight. I now preſent your Highneſſe, with a Genethliaque or Birth Poeme, done by mee aſwell in Latine, as Engliſh Verſe, in Honour and the behalfe of young Prince *Henrie* your ſweete and deereſt Sonne, the moſt part in my trauailes heere in the Low Countries vpon the way, without other helpe then a bad memorie, and my Table booke, and now ended vnder the aſpect of that ſtar of honour, and Honourer of your Grace and all vertuous Excellence, Sir *Iohn Ogle* Lord Gouernour of *Vtrecht*, my noble friend. If any aske why it came no ſooner and had not the beeing with the Princes birth, I anſwere a Poeme is a fruit that had need of a winter to ripen it, I could ſay with *Horace* P nine yeares, neyther am I one of thoſe, who haue their wits *au bout des doigts*, as *Du Bartas* ſaith. Laſt of all it is a ioy that can neuer come out of ſeaſon. Yet had theſe excuſes, I confeſſe bin of no force, had the way to *Heidelberge* beene free

-nonumque premantur in annum.

from

from danger, during eyther Armies lying at *Rees* and *Wesel*, for so farre I was come on my Pilgrimage with this little, lesse then a candle toward your Highnesse the Saint and Soueraigne of my deuote affection, whome since it is papistrie to pray vnto, I cannot, as I am bound, but pray for so long as I liue. I most humbly take my leaue of your Grace: From *Vtrecht*, the of

Vnto your Highnesse,

the most deuoted

in all dutie,

HENRIE PEACHAM.

TO

To the ſame moſt Excellent Princeſſe.

Deare Henries *loſſe*, Eliza's *wedding day*,
The laſt, the firſt, I ſorrowed and ſong,
When laid my reedes for euermore away,
To ſleep in ſilence, Iſis *ſhades among:*
Dead to the Muſe, and many-headed throng,
Through hard conſtraint of fruitleſſe Hope compell'd:
And Enuie *riſe, that kills with canckred tongue*
The ſacred Bay, ſo honoured of eld,
Though left forlorne, ne now, of Phœbus *ſelfe vpheld.*

Where are the Summers when the righteous Maid,
With ev'neſt hand the heauenly Scale did weild,
And golden Deed with golden meed repaid:
When Vertue was in price, for Vertue, held,
When Honours daintie but deſert did guild,
And Poeſie in graces goodly ſeene,
Raiſ'd her high thought, with ſtraines that Nectar ſtill'd?
They are aſcended with that glorious Queene:
And ſhe, alas, forgot, as ſhe had neuer beene.

But

But deareſt daughter of the greateſt Ile,
Sole glorious Empreſſe of the Northren Maine.
Yet thou her glory: Since thou didſt erewhile,
Thy bounteous hand, and ſweet ſupportance daigne
Vnto my verſe, and all vnworthie vaine:
As humbleſt Iuie, by thoſe armes I creep,
That gaue me growth, and firſt my entertaine,
Elſe lowly buried in Obliuion deep,
Who heere had heard me ſing thy ſweeteſt babe a ſleep?

And him againe to waken with my ſong,
Which thouſand tunes ſhall variouſly diuide,
As Vahale *by thy flowerie bankes along,*
I take my pipe at morne and euentide:
Hence may it downe thy gentle boſome glide,
And going on, allay th' enraged Rheine,
Where goodly Nimphes with Muſes mild abide:
Who often in his ſurpluſage of Wine,
Doe teach him Temperance, in ſongs and layes diuine.

Now while I ſhall beſide this cradle ſing,
Leaue Venus *Queene a time thy ſiluer ſpheare,*
And to mine aid thy daintie dearling bring,
With Mart *appeaſed after death and dreare:*
But from thy pure and peereleſſe excellence,
Eliza *mother, dreaddeſt Ladie deere,*
Light, life, oh, lend vnto mine eine and ſence,
For vigor haue I none but what I draw from hence.

And

And Royall child, who like another Sunne,
From Roſie bed ariſed'ſt in the Eaſt,
When that great light we ſaw extinct and done,
Ah Henrie, *waild of euery gentle breſt,*
Dart one ſweet ſmile vpon me early gheſt:
And that my Muſe with thine owne heigth may flie,
A feather ſhed from thy faire Phœnix *neſt:*
So may ſhe teach thy Fame to ſtrike the skie,
And thee a Mirrour make to all Poſteritie.

Prince

6 0C62

PRINCE HENRIE REVIVED.

NOw iocund Muſes to an higer ſtring
We tune our Lyre, a loftie Theame to ſing,
And leaue a while the vale, to mounten vp
With bolder wing *Pernaſſus* heauenly top:
Where holy Virgin eldeſt of the nine,
Whoſe temples with a ſeuen-fold crownet ſhine *Vrania.*
And glorious mantle guildes the ſable night,
With manie a thouſand twinckling *Chryſolite:*
Say, in what part we find thoſe happie ſtars
That keep enrol'd, in golden Characters,
The Fate of Princes, and eternall ſumme
Of all; that was, and euer is to come.
To after times, I may arightly read,
The hopefull Harueſt of this heauenly ſeed.
For, can the bloud, deriued from the veines
Of ſo great Princes, ſuch imperiall Raignes,
Vnhopefull be? and Impe of richeſt root,
Deceiue our wiſhes in abundant fruit:
Or whether this beene that ſame goodly tree,
That nigh the fertile *Rhine* muſt planted bee:
Whoſe fruitfull branch, ſhould *Europe* ouer-ſpread,
And check the Heauen with her *lofty-head:*

Or one of thoſe braue Worthies, ioyn'd in one
With the red Lion of old *Caledon*,
(Foretold by *Merlin*, whoſe one foot ſhould preſſe
The vnſhorne top of that vaſt wilderneſſe,
The other graſpe, with farre extended power,
The Pyram of *Troie-nouants* higheſt tower)
Should as ſo many fatall ſunnes appeare
To chaſe the Creſcent from our Hemiſpheare:
Or that ſtrong arme expected long agoe,
Should giue the *Byzant* beaſt a deadly blow:
At *Colleu* bathing (drunke with Chriſtian blood)
His loathed limmes in *Rhenus* ſiluer flood,
I may not raſh aread; but this I wot
How *Iuniuere*, his bitter rage forgot,
For luſtie greene y' chang'd his froſtie gray:
(As if he woed the ſweet and daintie May)
For ioy he brought firſt tidings of this birth,
And gaue the goodlieſt Newyeares gift on earth.
When ſmiling *Gladneſſe*, child of heauenly *Ioue*,
(Her daintie cordiall gotten from aboue)
With roſie fingers now beganne to ſhed
Ambroſian dewes with kiſſes tempered.
And drops for ioy, Loues ſelfe had wept full often,
Wherewith ſhe woont, afflicted hearts to ſoften,
That all to mirth, each Creature melted now;
Yea *Enuies* ſelfe, though knew not why or how,
Vntill thy beeing, *Fame* had fully blowne:
Thrice-welcome Infant, which no ſooner knowne,
But reared weare in honour of thy name,
The goodlieſt ſights *Magnificence* could frame;

When Piles bright burning, by the silent Moone
In euery street, of midnight made the noone.
While siluer bels, with iron tongues proclaime
A new borne *Henry*, to the Nymphes of *Thame*.
Yee Nymphes of *Thame*, whose louely shape excels
So far the fairest of each Beautie els,
That you may boast both modell and the mould
Of her perfection. What we doe behold
In stranger Countries, read in antique lines,
Are pourtraies, but of sunburnt *Abissines*,
To you compar'd; that *Paphos* seemes to me,
From *Greece* transported into *Britannie*.
And while I blazon broad this beautious crew;
Faire Sisters, let me draw the veile from you:
Who though yee liue, retir'd from worldes eye,
Estrang'd from Court, and Cities vanitie,
For louelie feature doe giue place to none.
Whereto, your birth (as some high prized stone)
Though addes more lustre, yet the goodly care
Of vertuous life, wherein yee nourtred are,
Giues freer wing abroad vnto your Fame,
Then your braue Beauties, or great Dudleies *name.*
They dedicate with one accord the day,
To all disport, and merriment they may;
For thy, thy stars foretell them happie peace,
And giue their half-dead Hopes a new increase,
Faire morning bud of *Englands* white-red Rose,
And seuenth *Henry* in her strifes compose:
If euer (God forbid) her breast should feele,
The bitter edge of her owne conquering steele:

The honourable and most accomplished Gentleman Sir Robert Dudley his fiue daughters.

Wherewith she woont with mightie arme to lop
The proudest head that durst her ouertop.
Who com'st another anchor to her state,
For it she lost by wofull wreck alate;
That hate of Hell; nor Traytor Heauen-abhor'd
Doe what they may shall breake our triple cord,
Who sheildest, sleeping euen in Mothers arme,
Thy Grandsire, vncle Prince, more safe from harme,
Then Axes, Tasters, Groomes about the bed,
Then strongest holdes, or gards twice doubled.
Who comet-like dost suddenly amaze
The stricken foe, who standing at the gaze
Amused, reads ore what vnhappie Realme,
The bloudie Meteor shakes his fierie streame.
But as ore *Hæmus*, when the morne hath drawne
Her purple Curtaines, after early dawne,
To lay to view her goodly golden pawne,
Her new borne sonne y'wrapt in Rosie lawne:
Who now awearie of his watrie bed
Off shakes the dew from his bright burnish'd head;
And with Ambrosian smile, and gentle cheare
Reuiues the world that wanted him whileare,
So vs thine owne thou gladdest with thy birth,
The welcome-welcomst stranger vpon earth;
New come into thine age, where all things smile
By peace compos'd, (that *Chaos*-like erewhile
Lay rude, confused) discords indigest,
Whose formelesse forme may no where be expresst.
Like as into some goodly garden plot,

That

That heeretofore hath her rude face forgot,
And lay an heape defac'd with filthie foile,
Oregrowne with bryars, abus'd by beastly spoile:
By Art and Nature now embellished
Smiles with a thousand daintie beauties spred,
Vaunting vnto the greedie gazing eye
By Sun-rise her perfum'd embroderie.
When Mother-feared *Warre*, that long hath rent
The bodie of our Christian continent;
And like the in-breach of a mightie flood,
Orethrowne our houses, drown'd our streetes with
Cõsum'd our Cities, laid our Countrie wast, (blood:
Deuour'd our people, holy things defac'd:
Shall prostrate at thy foot in deep disdaine,
Lie raging bound in hundred double chaine,
Vntill his heart-strings breake for fell despight,
Or his owne armes doe kil him with their weight.
Why braue *Heroes* yee that Eglets bee,
And high-borne sonnes of *Cæsars* Monarchie,
Who haue so oft your puissant forces tride,
Against the common foe, doe yee diuide
Your selues and safeties, while ye entertaine
Huge Armies in your home-bred quarrels vaine?
Or factious Schisme that some dissentious head,
By night (his Cockle) hath dissemined?
Or erst as [m] *Suizze* and *Burgundie* begin,
An endlesse war about an vntoll'd skinne?
While Eagle Eagle cruelly pursues,
And brother brother with his bloud embrues.

[m] *Guicciardine.*

If

If the eaſefull age your actiue ſpirits yrke,
Not weeting how to ſet your ſelues a worke,
Turne your keen ſteele againſt the hateful Turk.
Enough, enough, our guilt (oh gratious God)
If be thy will, hath felt thy bitter rod.
* *Ierem.c.47. & 29.* * Oh turne that ſword againe into his ſheath
That hath ſo long chaſtiſed vs beneath:
Let not our ſelues our executioners bee,
While foes are fatted with the Tragedie.
As when there beene in *Erimanthus* met
Two ſaluage Bores, with tuskes deadly whet,
Who eyther each with fierceſt fury gore,
For rangerſhip the ſpacious forreſt ore,
Vntill around the graſſie veluet ſted
With bloudie filth bee all diſcolored;
A ſlily lurking Lioneſſe beneath,
When ſees them wearie, wounded, out of breath,
Leapes from her lare to arbitrate the fray,
With hungry teeth, and both become her pray.
What flood, the bloud of Chriſtians not infects?
What Seas haue not bin couered with our wrecks?
What fields not tainted with our ſcattered bones?
What towers not turn'd to waſtful heaps of ſtones?
That foes are filled with the piteous view,
And *Diſcords* ſelfe our Miſery doth rue.
But (happie Prince) thy time foretels thee peace,
And reſtfull dayes, with Honors large increaſe.
Now *Germanie*, and *Brittaine*, ſhall be one,
In League, in Lawes, in Loue, Religion:
Twixt *Dane*, and *Engliſh*, *Engliſh* and the *Scot*,

Olde

Olde grudges (see) for euer are forgot;
The *Hebrid* Redshanke shall not dare too rout,
Or inland Rebell double wall'd about:
But shaftlike all one bundle, be too strong
For mightiest foe to doe the meanest wrong.
While forraine Princes from remotest shore,
Thy cradle shall by Embassies adore,
The Sun-burn'd *Niger* shall present thee plumes,
Sweet *Arabie* delicious perfumes:
Sarmatian Ister many a costly skin,
And *Armenie* her daintie Ermelin.
Ægypt the *Balme*, or bloud of *Myrrha's* wound,
And *Persis*, pearles within her channels found,
With Orientall Gemmes, t' emboss arowne,
(In time perhaps) a *Cæsars* triple crowne:
When Mother Earth shall to thee, incompell'd,
Her treasures, pleasures in abundance yeeld.
The hardie Oake shall melting honie sweat,
And bushes bend with *Bacchus* clusters great:
The Lion couch him by the Lambe in loue,
And Eagle perch beside the gentle Doue:
The ripened graine shall yellow veile the ground,
No Serpent hurt, or harmefull hearbe bee found.
Wood-Nymphes the shadie violets shall pull,
And bring thee Lillies by whole baskets full;
Some crop the Rose, to shew thee how in graine,
That crimson, *Venus* bleeding hand did staine;
How from that † *daintie daughter of the morne,*
And silken leaues, thy louely selfe art borne:
Or Primrose, with the * Kings enamell'd cup,

† *As discended from the vnited Rose of Lancaster, and Yorke.*
* *The King Cup.*

(Whose

(Whose Nectar *Phœbus* early quaffeth vp)
The *Amaranth* arraied in veluet still,
Sweet *Rhodedaphne*, and the Daffadill:
Soft Marjoram, the yong [z] *Ascanius* bed,
While *Cupid* kist and courted in his sted:
The fraile *Anemon*, *Hyacinthus* soft,
The Ladie-gloue, *Coronis* weeping oft,
And whatsoeuer else the pleasant spring
Throwes from her bosome formost flourishing.
When [a] *Pietie* no more with sword in hand
Shal need beside her smoakie Altar stand,
Or make her wonne from sight of liuing men
Some wastfull wood or solitary den;
But euery where her holy things professe
Reside in Courts, bigh Heauens Embassadresse,
And as the Lilly free from cumbrous brire,
To heauenward, homeward, in her heigth aspire.
When arts, that now for nouriture doe sterue,
Or (which is worse) as common subject serue
Of scorne or pitie, to the golden Asse,
That for his *Isis* must adored passe,
Shall lay their rich inuentions to the view,
Bee mates with Majestie and reape their dew:
Had I the tongues of Angels and of men,
An endlesse memorie, Fames golden pen,
Far I vnable *(Peace)* were to pourtray
Thy louely face, and downe in order lay
Those blessings whi ch from heauen thou dost cō-
But if braue Impe, by *Mars* thou shalt be hent (vay.
From thy soft Pallace, to a warlike tent,

z *Virg. Aeneid.* 1

a *Pietie so pourtraied in the meddals of Augustus.*

To

To vndergoe an honourable warr,
In common, or thine owne particular:
Then shine in glorious armes Heauen be thy speed,
And endlesse *Fame* thy euerlasting meed.
Goe looke about the spacious earth, and see
The triumphs, trophees of thine ancestrie;
(Ne let thine eye on meaner Glories feed,
But imitate the best, and best exceed)
What court or coast so ere thou commest in,
There Grandsire, vncle or thy Cousins bin;
Euen *Ennie*, search thy fathers Pedigree,
From *Charles*, and she shall find allied to thee
Eleuen Great *Cæsars*, twentie crowned Kings,
That bloud contribute like so many springes
Into thy veines:------
Great *Charlemaigne*, who taught his Eagle flie,
Aboue the tops of loftie *Pyranie:*
(Bathing his plumes in stremes of Pagan blood,
From *Roncesuall*, t' *Iberos* golden flood)
Subdued the *Saxon*, *Italy* did free,
From *Longobards*, and *Gothish* Tyrannie,
Subiected wholly, by an holy war,
The *Hunne*, the *Sclaue*, the *Scrabe*, and *Auar*.
To that braue * Lord, that held *Vienne* so long,
Gainst *Soliman*, three hundred thousand strong:
Yet all these honors, are but common, new,
To those, that by thy Mothers side accrew,
From warlike *Britons*, and that braue remaine
Of ancient *Troie* (who once as great did raigne)
Of whom discended, boldly vaunt thy birth,

See the historie in French, in Fleur de la maison du Charlemaine.

*Philip Count Palatine of the Rhine in the time of Charles the 5.

Aboue the great'ſt, who ere he be on earth.
From *Brute*, to *Brennus* (and the braue *Belline*)
That ranſackt *Greece*, and ore thy fertile *Rhine*
Victorious troupes of *Britons* did aduance,
Sack'd periur'd *Rome*, and conquered all *France*,
Vnto *Caſtuelan* that twice did foile,
The mightie *Cæſar* entering this Ile.
By *Aruirage*, that was the *Romane* dread,
Till *Claudius* * daughter afterwards did wed
To Greateſt *Arthur*, whoſe immortall name,
Bright'ſt Glories dampes, and euen amazeth Fame.
But needs me not, in infinite extent,
Draw downe theſe Images, or that diſcent
From Holy *Edward*, and the *Saxon* line,
To later *Norman* Anceſtors of thine:
From *Scottiſh* Kings, or *Denmarke*, ſin' they ſtand
So daintie limned by a later hand,
I ſooner (eeke) the Lights of heauen ſhould count,
The Ocean Sand, or if ought that ſurmount,
Then them or their braue deedes to viewen lay,
Or as I ought their worthineſſe diſplay.
Yet note they all be drown'd in *Lethe* quite,
Or thou depriued of ſome glorious light,
Of later times, reuealing to thy view,
Our *Engliſh* feares, yet almoſt bleeding new:
Though known, and cõmon to the world they be,
What then? Sweet *Henrie* it is newes to thee.
Imagine in ſome goodly Gallerie,
Such as in *Hampton* thou maiſt one day ſee,
Who knowes not *Hampton*? Manſion fitting *Ione*,

* *Genniſſa named the faire.*

Or

Or *Phœbus* ſelfe, excelling that aboue,
His Court of ſparkie Gemmes, and Ivorie, built,
On Columnes rais'd, and by his raions guilt:
Thou to the life, their legend didſt behold
On Arras, in the ſilke enwouen gold,
So ſweetly done, by needle on the frame,
That *Pallas* ſelfe, nor *Enuie* mought it blame:
And ſaw'ſt heere valiant *Cordelion* come,
Fore *Acon*, marching with an *Engliſh* Drumme,
Third *Edward*, there in triumph leading *France*,
An humble Captiue to his puiſſance:
Forcing the faire *De-luce* vpon her ſhield,
Quit the *French* Garden, for an *Engliſh* field.
Heere youthfull *Edward*, his victorious ſon,
At *Poiteirs*, hand to hand encountring * *Ion*,
That haile of arrowes ſeeme to cloud the skie;
While *Engliſh* follow, and the *French* doe flie,
Some take that Riuer, other yonder wood,
VVhich ſo the daintie vermill dies in blood,
Vpon the ſiluer waue, and ſilken greene,
As if no ſemblance, but the thing were ſeene.
There *Lancaſter* inflicts a deadly blow
On baſtard *Pedro*, that vſurped ſo,
Heere *Henrie Monmouths* beacon giues alarme,
At *Agencourt*, that makes all *France* to arme:
And ſhee, there ſhee, whom bleeding hearts inter,
Rather then thoſe few ſtones at *Weſtminſter*:
Whoſe name, cuẽ now my rauiſh'd ſpirit doth peirce,
And with ſweet Nectar ſprinkleth my verſe,
Eliza Queene, the Maiden conquereſſe,

* *Iohn King of France.*

Borne in triumphall Charriot, (I gheſſe,
Like *Thomyre*, or that braue *Semiramis*)
From hundred handed *Gerions* defeat,
And his proud Caſtles fall in eighteie eighey uon T
But what ſhall need examples from a far;
Edge thy high courage to a glorious war
Some ſelfe high-priz'd *Italian*, Squire of *France*,
Inſtruct thee ride, and how to beare thy lance:
Or learned *Lipſius*, by his reading ſhew,
The antique practize, poſtures long agoe,
Of Greateſt *Caſar*, or that haughtie *Greeke*,
Who other worlds bewail'd he mote not ſeeke;
All theſe, and far much more comprized bee,
In that braue offſpring, of the * *Orange tree*,
Thy gallant Vncle (whoſe reſounded name
Hath fill'd all eares, and ſpent the voyce of *Fame*)
Victorious *Maurice*, worthie bee enroll'd,
Mong thoſe great worthies, and Heroes old,
Whoſe conqueſts earth hath bounded, thoughts &
Find no dimenſion but the heauenly frame. (lame,
But grow ſweet Infant, grow, and grow apace,
Vnto thy height, in goodneſſe, and in grace,
For *Europe* on thee gins to fixe her eye,
And note thy tender towardneſſe buſily.
Perhaps (ſomewhere) conſulteth with the ſtars,
How thou inclineſt, to laborious wars,
Or reſtfull peace, how milde thy gouernment,
How long the Fatall Siſters in extent
Shall draw thy dayes, (*Yee Princes Mirrors are*
Reflecting your impreſſions as farre,

* *The Orange tree Prince Maurice his emblem, with Fit tandem ſurculus arbor.*

As Mountaine Beacons, or like Cedars tall,
Moſt eminent in flouriſh, or your fall)
And with thy Mothers milke, from her faire breaſt,
Draw thoſe ſweet vertues that therein doe neſt,
Whereby her heart is dewed from aboue;
With gracious goodneſſe, and all heauenly loue:
True *Pietie*; the faireſt vertue Gem,
That may adorne a Princes Diadem:
Beſt *Goodneſſe*, that Vaine Glories foile reiects,
But rather ſhewes the value by effects,
That *Modeſtie*, which *Maieſtie* allaies,
Yet Royall Type, beyond it ſelfe doth rayſe:
Her *Curteſie*, wherewith ſhe leades enchain'd,
Euen foes, and friends, by millions hath gain'd;
Her *Bountie*, mirrour of her Royall heart,
To skill, and euery generous deſert:
But ſtay my Muſe, why does our ruder quill,
Attempt a taske, that craues *Appelles* skill?
Yet thus the Sun we view, through ſhadowes light;
VVhen cannot els behold his beames bright,
And (Pearle of Princes) thus the ſhore I keep,
When cannot ſound thy prayſes Sea ſo deep:
Now yee who euer that ſhall hold in truſt,
This precious iewell, and his nonage muſt
VVith tender care, and timely tendance breed,
Be vertuous guides, vnto this hopefull ſeed:
His weaker age with all vprightneſſe prop,
Vntill he hath attain'd to goodneſſe top:
For Infancie like vnto water ſpilt,
Is with a finger drawen where thou wilt:
Or as an *Aprill* Impe that late did ſhoot,
From the warme boſome of its Mother root:

A thousand waies by cunning hand is taught,
To take his course, to climbe, or lie aloft,
Or clip with friendly twine the shadie bower,
That shendes true louers, in the siluer shower,
Or grow a Nymphe, that naked seemes to blush,
When white and red haue clad the blossmed bush.
Then like a rampant Lion, or to beene
A branch-horn'd Hart, or forrester in greene,
Euen so this Age we worke vnto our will,
Thus waxie-pliant vnto good or ill.
Religion, then first groundworke lay below
Which inward though it lies, and makes least show,
All other Vertues it doth strong sustaine,
As weaker peeces resting on the maine;
This shall his life establish and assure,
Heigthen content, and make his seat secure.
Then as strõg Colums, that must beare the weight,
And raise this Princely modell to his height,
Let other *Vertues* take their order, place.
First *Temperance*, that aie with goodly grace
Doth rule the mind, and with her golden bit
Curbe head-strong passion, ouermaistring it:
Then *Prudence*, the soules eye, although shee bee
Daughter * of *Vse*, and strongest *Memorie*,
And seldome settles in a growing braine,
*Vnapt her grauer lesson to retaine,
But borne with fancies, like a troubled Sea,
From Card and Compasse makes contrary waies:
Acquaint him though betimely with her name,
How shee it is must his Liues Action frame,
Direct, and end; and, like that * golden spray,
Lead through this Vale of wretchednesse his way,

* *Afranius.*

* *Arist. Ethic. l. 1*

* *Virg. Aeneid. 6*

Whose

Whose waking eyes a centinell must keepe
(Like twinkling stars) while all the world doth sleep:
Now *Iustice*, that with her bright golden beames
Enlights the world, & calmes the state of Realmes,
Preserues the * Citie, safer and more sure
Then wall of brasse, or that same triple mure,
Wherewith th' *Assyrian* Empresse long agone
Encompassed her mightie *Babilon*.
This doth adorne the Maiestie of Kings
Boue euery grace, and all their rarest things,
Resembling the Diuine Creator right,
When borroweth from *Pietie* her light.
Next *Clemencie*, who from th' Almighties seate
Deriues her linage, or by milde extreate
From *Iustice* drawne, in readinesse doth stand,
And stretcheth out her soueraigne helping hand;
Who rankor doth of deepest wound allay,
And takes the smart of punishment away,
The Moone of Empires that with milde aspect
Doth cooly temper, graciously affect:
And as in Heauen shee; so in a Prince,
This claimes the second glorious eminence.
What worldly Empire long hath euer stood,
Whose *Tyran*-Scepter was distain'd with blood?
Or Prince, that long in Peace possest his state,
Whose law was will, and whom the most did hate?
This crownes with Immortalitie his Fame,
And sheds abroad, as Balme, his precious name.
The lesser *Vertues* let the front adorne;
And as in pleasing Parergie be worne,
Arightly teach him vse of *Maiestie*,
The sweet effects of manly *Modestie*,

* *Cicero in paradox. Aristot. Rhetoric. 1 cap. 3.*

In *ſpeech, apparell, painting leaſt the rind
He kils the pithie ſubſtance of the mind.
Let Pompe and Pride with thoſe weake iudgments
That haue no other way to winne repute: (ſute,
And let him hate the name of *Nigardiſe*
The ruſt of Greatneſſe, with baſe *Couetiſe*.
* More Honour vanquiſh'd of a foe to be,
Then ouercome in *Liberalitie*.
And that he may the better, as by line,
Run this faire courſe, and fowler way decline;
Oh timely teach him the abundant vſe
Of all good Learning, and to loue the *Muſe*,
Who giues the boundleſſe Intellect her eye,
Conuerſing with her Maker moſt on high,
Who meaneſt doth to mightie Rule aduance,
Still waging war with brutiſh *Ignorance*.
She ſafeſt with dead counſell will aviſe,
And guard his eare from liuing flatteries:
In after age ſhe ſhall reviue his Name,
And crowne with Honour his admired Fame.
Hence could the wiſeſt *Salomon* diſpute,
From the tall *Cedar* to the *Hyſope* root.
Hence * *Cæſars* ſtar did gather firſt her flame;
And *Philips* ſonne, the Earths ſole Lord became.
Eeke thoſe old warriours with aſtondement,
That made the Earth to tremble where they went,
Thoſe faireſt flowers within their girlonds worne,
Doe owe to skill, that fram'd their mindes beforne.
That goodly fount of *Grecian* Eloquence,
Whoſe *Cyrus* ſhapes vs ſo vnmatch'd a Prince;
Themiſtocles that beat at *Salamine*
The greateſt Armie that was euer ſeene;

Periclos

* *Ariſtot. præfat. ad Alexandrum.*

* *Saluſt. Iugurth.*

* *Who conquered in leſſe then in ten yeares 300 Nations to the Roman Empire hauing married his pen to his ſword.*

Pericles, from whose powerfull accents brake
Thunder, and peircing lightning, while he spake;
Miltiades, that *Marathon* did staine
With bloud of hundred thousand *Persians* slaine;
Epaminondas, in whom liu'd and died
The *Theban* Glorie; those braue spirits beside
Of antique *Rome* (that whilome in her pride
Euen *Victorie* held pincond, forced *Mart*
And drew perforce the *Muses* to take her part)
Were goodly learned, who will it denie?
And liu'd the fathers of Philosophie:
When rather skill the head-peice did adorne,
Then wanton plumes, that hold her now in scorne.
How often doe I meditate vpon
That of *Alphonsus*, King of *Aragon*;
Avowing it the sentence of a beast,
Who said, That Princes had small interest
In Learning; who as well may want their eyes,
Their tongues to speake, or Vse to make them wise.
But neerest patterne place before thine eie,
Thy Grandsire *Iames*, our Royall *Mercurie*:
Who with his wand all tumult caus'd to ceasse,
Fulfill'd our wishes, gaue our daies their peace.
Without it doe thou *Greatnesse* but account
That golden Calfe ador'd in *Horeb* mount,
Or Winter-Sun, whose beames doe feebly glance,
Wrapt in the mists of foggie *Ignorance*.
Oh sacred skill whose fruit (as from that tree
Of *Eden*) feedes vs with felicitie;
And goodly branches stretch themselues so farre,
That all too weake my wit and senses are
To comprehend their compasse, as I ought,

Cicero.

Exceeding measure and all mortall thought?
Thrice happie me the meanest of the rest,
Were I but with her onely shadow blest!
Thus in the Circle that thou hast to run,
Display thy glory with the rising Sun:
Thus to thy *Solstice*, climbing by degree,
Exemplar let thy lifes whole patterne bee
To such, as from thee must derive their light
By thousands, and are dim'd without thy sight.
The winged vessell is not by her helme
So much commanded, as a potent Realme
Is by her Princes life example lead,
To frugall course, or vile vnthriftihead.
Edicts, nor Axes, Prison, *Tyran*-law,
Doe not so much the stubborne vulgar draw,
As doth (the glasse of Honor) *Innocence*,
And Vertues parts, exemplar in a Prince.
Heerein they see, loue, imitate, admire;
And are enkindled from his all-seene fire.
This *Cæsar* knew, when formost did assay
Each deepest streame, to teach his troupes the way:
And that great *Cato*, whose command was none
By word, but his owne personall action.
No engine like to that of heartie loue,
Or faire example; able sooner moue
The mallie Earth, then that rare Instrument
The * *Syracusian* boasted to inuent.
This is that Adamant, whose Character
Stirres vp with counter-motion nigh and farre
All Hearts the Cyphars, who (conioyntly met)
Doe turne or tarrie by her Alphabet.
Thus pious *Numa* ouer *Rome* did raigne,

* *Archimedes.*

And *Salomon* his peacefull Throne maintaine:
(By where *Euphrates* with his siluer source
A thousand palmets on his shore doth nurse)
Whose Scepters, Swords nor Armies did assure,
But iustest Lawes, with liues vnblam'd and pure;
When that proud Easterne Conquerour (the sonne
Of Fortune, rather then of *Macedon*)
Together with his father, and the rew
Of *Romane Cæsars* that did most embrew
Their Baies in bloud, or else with hands vniust
Dealt wrong for right, on drowned lay in lust,
Out-breath'd their soules by poison at the boord,
Or suddaine fell vpon a villaines sword;
This end had *Nero's* beastly life in fine:
Thus died *Domitian*, and thus *Maximine*.
Vnhappie [b] *Pyrrhus* was pursued by Fate,
On Sea and Land, vnto his liues last date:
By loathsome lice *Antiochus* did die:
And [c] *Attalus* euen scorn'd of *Miseries*.
A Sheaperdesse sent *Cyrus* downe to hell:
Vpon his owne sword's point [e] *Cambyses* fell:
And cruell [f] *Artistobulus*, at last,
His heart at once vpon his corsiue cast.
Thus vengeance tracks the by the bloud they spilt,
Till their own mouthes gides sentence of the guilt.
Oh heauens! to men you giue no worldly thing
More pretious then the iust and pious King:
Vpon whose brow we may enstamped see
The Image of the highest Maiestie;
And sparkling graces, that doe sweetly shine
With [*] something (what I know not) that's diuine:
Which if themselues through filthy vice deface,

[b] *Who spoiled Proserpina's Temple.*
[c] *Hee defiled the Temple.*
[d] *Who slew his wife, and owne Mother.*
[e] *Who slew his brother & sister great with child.*
[f] *He put to death his mother and brother.*
[*] *Xenophon in Cyri pæd.*

Or

Or curſed hand attempts to cut or race,
As Traitors Heauen adiudgeth them alike;
And laſt or firſt will in auengement ſtrike.
Oh timely let theſe things engrauen be
Vpon the tablet of thy memorie:
And thus let vertues golden linked chaine
A bracelet on thy tender wriſt remaine.
So ſhalt thou not giue thy Elector voice,
And of ſome mightie make the formoſt choice;
But raigne thy ſelfe more abſolute and free,
An Emperour in thought and dignitie,
Then if thou ſhouldſt with mightie arme adioine
All *Perſis* to thy Countie *Palatine*,
The *Gades* with *Lybia*, & couldſt claime thine owne
What from the *South* been to the *Arctike* knowne.
Oh that the Fates would lengthen my extent,
And let me draw ſo long this Element,
That I the footſteps of thy praiſe mought preſſe
In riper yeares; How ſhould my ſong addreſſe
Thy Honours Triumphs! not the *Thracian* Lyre,
That death in deepeſt ſlumber could inſpire,
In ſtately numbers ſhould our Muſe excell,
While ſhe did on thy loftie Glories dwell.
Then grow (ſweet Infant) grow and grow apace,
And line the *Phœnix* of thy royall race,
For *Cyparage*, *Honorie* guarded by our vowes,
Till foes thy feet, and Laurell kiſſe thy browes,
That *Ceſar Heurie* thou maiſt one day raigne,
As good, as great, as euer *Charlemaigne*.

FINIS.